

Cremona.

The mansion of Cremona had turret, spire, and dome;
It stood beside the Tiber, a little way from Rome.
Its floors were polished cedar, and marble were its walls;
Delightful were its fountains, and spacious were its halls.
Its tapestry was gorgeous, all lovely to behold,
The tassels fringed with silver and looped around with gold.
The statues and the pictures alone were quite a show—
A thousand beauties made it a paradise below.
The owner was Judexus, the judge of all his tribe,
And lately his decisions went with the highest bribe.
The wealth that came so lightly now just as lightly went;
On gambling, wine and brandy the ill-got wealth was spent.
The dragons were of silver, with golden cups for wine,
And they were filled and emptied each time they came to dine;
Then often into midnight they filled and drank away,
And revels scarcely ended with dawning of the day.
The Roman power had conquered the nations all around,
Till spoils of war and plunder in every house were found;
Her conquests had extended beyond the distant seas.
Now Romans sat at leisure, and drank their wine at ease,
Till hearts were filled with evil, their passions were inflamed,
And deeds were done by thousands that could not here be named;
Though villainous reigned triumphant from cottage to the hall,
The mansion of Cremona for lewdness beat them all.
While sin and wine brought weakness, the nations all around
Came down upon the Romans and strewed them o'er the ground.
They took the grandest mansions, and played revengeful games
By wrecking all the statues, the pictures, and the frames.
They revelled in Cremona, they made up horses' stalls,
And stabled mules and donkeys within its marble halls;
They wrecked it, and left it a prey to savage beasts,
For scorpions, snakes and reptiles to hold their daily feasts.
How lovely was Cremona in Virtue's happy time,
Before the wine-cup stained it with drunkenness and crime.
How wretched was Cremona when steeped in crime and sin—
A wreck where snakes and reptiles were creeping out and in.
The human heart how lovely when all is pure and white,
When virtues shine and sparkle like diamonds in the light.
The human heart how wretched when wrecked by vice and gin,
With stinging snakes and scorpions all creeping out and in.
—John Rae, in *Alliance Record*

The Saloon Must Go.

A shout resounds from plain to sea
Of purpose strong
To crush the wrong
That blights our land
From peak to strand;
And mountains east and west agree—
The saloon must go
With its world of woe.
The land with this song is ringing,
The angels on high are singing,
And we our decree are bringing—
Whether high or low,
Either swift or slow,
The saloon must go;
We will vote it so.
Both childhood's cry and woman's wail
So plaintive plead
Against the greed
Of those who sell
The drinks of hell;
They must be heard and shall prevail.
The saloon must go
With its world of woe.
The land with this song is ringing,
The angels on high are singing,
And we our decree are bringing—
Whether high or low,
Either swift or slow,
The saloon must go;
We will vote it so.
The people hold their ample right
To shield the weak

And virtue speak
To stay the flow
Of crime and woe
By laws that bind the good to night.
The saloon must go
With its world of woe.
The land with this song is ringing
The angels on high are singing,
And we our decree are bringing—
Whether high or low,
Either swift or slow,
The saloon must go.
We will vote it so.
Enough the past of shame and pain,
The future claims
That lawful pains
Come not from marts
Of broken hearts
Seal fast the fount, in front and rear,
Of shameful stain
And peerless pain.
And toll it out
With joyous shout,
This demon's doom is sure and near.
The saloon must go
With its world of woe.
The land with this song is ringing,
The angels on high are singing,
And we our decree are bringing—
Whether high or low,
Either swift or slow,
The saloon must go.
We will vote it so.
And spurn the wealth with crimson stain
The saloon must go
With its world of woe.
The land with this song is ringing,
The angels on high are singing,
And we our decree are bringing—
Whether high or low,
Either swift or slow,
The saloon must go;
We will vote it so.
—*Temperance Record*.

Something from the Bible Concerning Heredity.

J. F. WILLING.

Parents repeat themselves. The law of the transmission of good and bad traits is general and inexorable. The florist finds it underlying the very existence of species and variety. His success depends upon his encouraging, by favorable conditions, the inheritance of better traits. Stock raisers look well to pedigree. The progenitors of a thoroughbred are carefully considered. Most people wish, by repeating themselves in the lives of their children, to secure a terrestrial immortality. It is not pleasant to think of being forgotten as soon as the last breath flutters over the lips. Parents are usually flattered when they are told that the children, who are to live after they are gone, are like them. Our children are our future, good or bad, and in their character we reap as we have sown. If, by special extension of time, we live till we are sixty—nearly double the average human life—we spend the first twenty years in getting ready for work. The second twenty is given to developing in our children the traits that they have taken from us; and the third, in garnering our harvest good or ill.

Joseph Cook says, "Blood means God." Well for us, when the weary old days come, if we had our "bad blood healed by the blood of cleansing," before it went into other lives, perpetuating its wrong tendencies.

All this is Bible truth. Let us see. David said (Ps. 103: 17), "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting unto them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children." After the Pentecost Peter said (Acts 2: 39), "The promise is unto you and to your children." On the other hand Jeremiah represents the Gentiles as saying truthfully (Jer. 16: 19), later clause, "Surely, our fathers have inherited lies, vanity, and things wherein there is no profit." Jehovah proclaimed himself to Moses (Ex. 34: 6, 7), "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty." Visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, and upon the children's children, unto the third and to the fourth generation.

This had come to be so thoroughly understood, that it had become a proverb in Israel, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

And yet God deals with each according to personal merit. He says (Ezek. 18: 4), "Behold, all souls are mine; as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine; the soul that sinneth, it shall die."

Now, if each answers only for his own sins, while it is declared that the iniquity of his father is visited on him, it must be that through inherited pro-

clivities, his father's ways of sin have become his own.

Mothers, more than fathers do, shape the lives of their children. Isaac inherited, not Abraham's brave, all-conquering faith, but Sarah's gentle, submissive, tent-loving character. Jacob and Esau inherited, not Isaac's warm, loving nature, but Rebecca's superficial (Gen. 24: 55, 58), intriguing spirit. (Gen. 27: 8, 17.)

Rachel's life was so beautiful, it stood the test of a seven years' courtship, and the years "seemed to Jacob but a few days, for the love he had for her." Her son, Joseph, inherited so much of his mother's pure and gentle spirit, that he seemed like a changeling among his half brothers, the rough, unscrupulous sons of Jacob's other wives, conspicuous among whom were the sons of Leah, who secured the tricky patriarch for her husband under false pretences.

It was Moses' mother who feared not the King's commandment, but hid her babe among the Nile papyrus. Her faith was honored by his being placed again in her arms. She was given the opportunity to shape his life, even in the palace of the Pharaoh.

Samuel's mother received her son of the Lord, and gave him to God as a thank-offering. He owed it to her that he became a great prophet. She would not go up to the house of Jehovah till she could take her son. (1 Sam. 1: 22, 28.) "For she said unto her husband, I will not go up until the child be weaned; and then I will bring him that he may appear before the Lord, and there abide forever." "Therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; so long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord."

David permits us to catch glimpses of his mother, to whom he was indebted for his boldness of access to God. He prays (Ps. 116: 16), "O Lord, truly I am Thy servant, and the son of Thine handmaid."

One look at the magnificent Elizabeth, explains to us the sterling qualities of her wilderness prophet, Christ's herald, the fearless and uncompromising John the Baptist. The apostle Paul chose for his heart's friend, upon whom he laid weighty ecclesiastical responsibility, a young man whose mother and grandmother were women of strong, well-developed, spiritual life. We know nothing of his father, except that he was a Greek. Paul writes to Timothy (1 Tim. 1: 3): "I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice; and I am persuaded that in thee also."

It is of the utmost importance that mothers be kept in the best possible physical condition; that they have every intellectual help and stimulus, and that they live in the clear, glad sunshine of a happy, spiritual life. Satan has shown his highest skill in ruining our race, when he has worked them down into premature old age, or shut them away from all outside helps in zenanas, harems, seraglios, or by any seclusion from the activities that give vigor of body and soul.

Fathers also have responsibility for the future. They should keep themselves pure and clean from all gross appetites, tobacco, intoxicants, and the like, for the sake of the children who are to care for the helplessness of their age, and inherit their characteristics.

Samuel's mother was temperate as well as pious; though from Eli's mistaken rebuke, we can see that drunkenness was not uncommon among women, even in the sacred precincts (1 Sam. 1: 15): "I have drunk neither wine nor strong drink, but have poured out my soul before the Lord."

Samson's mother, when told that her son was to deliver Israel, was commanded not to drink wine nor strong drink, nor to eat any unclean thing (Judges 13: 4).

In no better way can our white ribbon women help the coming of the Kingdom, than by each making the most of herself, for the sake of Christ and her children.

NOTE: Scripture references are given that the texts may be used as a Bible reading for a monthly reading—*Union Signal*.

A Word to the Girls

GIRLS, whatever else you may do, do not marry a drunkard.

No matter how deeply in love you may fancy yourself to be, do not marry a man who drinks intoxicating liquors.

It is much better to be an old maid, and miss the desired Mrs. from your tombstone. It is better to go on through life single and alone, to keep a cat, and make aprons for the heathen children, than to be a drunkard's wife.

Young men addicted to taking a glass now and then will, doubtless, laugh at you if you call their habit a vice, or hint that it is anywise dangerous. They assure you in a lordly way that they know what they are about. They wonder what you take them for! Haven't they control enough over them-

selves to take a social glass, now and then, and stop there? Why, you talk as though they were common drunkards!

And so they are liable to become. There is no safety in playing with poison. He who touches pitch must be defiled. The first glass makes room for the second. The appetite for strong drink grows with what it is fed upon. The man who drinks a glass of brandy or whisky to day will want another to-morrow. If he is not strong enough to abstain from the first glass, how is he to put away the second?

Young women, beware of him! Shun him as you would one infected with the plague!

Oh, young girls, fair and pure and loving, think of what lies before you! Think of the moral contamination, the miserable degradation, which hangs around the drunkard, and forswear the young man who drinks!

Smile no more upon the deadly sin of wine drinking! Scorn it! Never give its practice your sanction in ever so remote a degree!

Oh, that the women of our nation would turn their faces, as one woman, eternally from the man who drinks! Oh, that the mothers would close the doors of their houses against the wine-drinking young man as against the leper, and let society understand that no embryo drunkard will be received as honored and respected into its ranks!

Call us radical or fanatical, if you will—it matters not, we are bound to the belief, born with us, that no man is safe who takes the first glass of liquor. For, if he takes the first glass, he may want the second; but, if he never takes the first, he cannot take the second.

Again we say to you, young girls, beware! No matter how handsome, or fascinating, or wealthy a man may be—if he drinks, turn away from him, and save yourself from becoming that most miserable of all women—a drunkard's wife!—*Christian Statesman*.

The Bug in the Bottle.

REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"You see dat bug, honey?"

It was old Caesar, the colored gardener, who made this remark to young Pompey. Before the big, wondering eyes of the boy, Caesar held up a stout bottle. At the bottom of this bottle was a bug.

"You see dat bug?" asked Caesar again.

Pompey nodded an assent.

"Dat am a bug a-tryin' fur to climb dat bottle, an' he kent!"

That was plain. Now and then the bug would make a frantic dash at the walls of his glass prison, and try to scale them, but in vain.

"Dat's de way ob de ole drunkard. I don't say, honey, a man ken nobber stop a-drinkin', fur some do; but it am dat heap hard dat you mought say it were like dat bug a-tryin' to git out dat bottle."

"Well, what of it?" said Pompey's rolling shining eyes, though his tongue was silent. What interest had he in this object lesson?

Caesar anticipated this inquiry. "Do lesson am dis," declared Caesar, solemnly: "Nebber cotch yerself a-goin' into de bottle. Don'tak de fus' taste. If yo gits de lub and de hanker fur it, ye may find yerself at de bottom ob de bottle. Go an' jine de pledge!"

Pompey went home thinking. He was only a boy, perhaps twelve, but he had some of a man's serious thoughts on the subject of temperance. Special meetings had aroused a special interest in Pompey's neighborhood. Alexander, the blacksmith; Abe Lincoln, the peddler; George Washington, the oysterman; Thos. Jefferson, the whitewasher, had all "jined," or signed the pledge. Many others had taken this stand, and the interest was extending to the children. These were asked to "jine."

Some of the adults objected. They asked "What do children know about temperance?" Others thought as did Caesar, who said, "Don't let 'em git into de debil in de fus' place." To illustrate the difficulties that sometimes attend reform, he devised the object-lesson of the bug and the bottle, and gave it wherever he could find an audience even of one boy.

Pompey went home to tell his old grandmother, with whom he lived, something about Caesar's impressive lecture. Granny had a reputation as a moderate drinker who threatened to become an immoderate one.

"Come, granny," said Pompey, "you and me had better jine de pledge."

"A heap ob nonsense, honey!"

"You ought an' go fur to see Caesar."

"What he got, chile?"

"Bug an' bottle!"

Then he faithfully reported Caesar's short but effective lecture. Granny pretended to laugh at it.

"What he done call dat bug, Pompey?"

"Some kind ob a beetle."

"Dat bug, honey, I'll tell yo his name. It am a humbug. Ha, ha."

Granny laughed till the tears rolled down her fat cheeks. However, Caesar's illustrated lecture, as reported by Pompey, did make an impression upon her. She would not confess it, but only said, "When ye see yer granny at de bottom ob de bottle, den I'll jine de pledge."

She would say nothing more, but, cutting him a big slice of watermelon and a small slice of bread, told Pompey to eat his supper. They were alone in their cabin, and after supper naturally were drowsy, and amid the shadows Pompey saw a startling vision looming up before him. It was a big bottle, — much bigger than the kind Granny liked to keep in the cupboard, but of the same shape. It had the same kind of a label, "Cider."

"Nuffin but applejaws in dat, Pompey," Granny would sometimes say; but it had such potency that Pompey would notice that, after a draught of "nuffin but," the old lady was quite excited. Then, as the days went on, it would take a bigger draught from the bottle of "nuffin but" to satisfy her, which Pompey took as a damaging sign. In his vision the evening of our story, he noticed that this immense bottle was lying on its side, and soon Granny appeared near its mouth.

"She's goin' in!" thought Pompey. Granny was a big woman, but somehow, to his surprise, she slipped into the bottle, for alcohol, as a rule, is a bigger thing than the human will, — and before Pompey could scream, "Granny, don't!" she was not only in, but the bottle suddenly began to tip up, and poor Granny was sliding down toward the bottom. In a moment she would be there.

He rushed up to the enemy, seized it by its neck, and tugged away at it, trying to keep it down and liberate his relative, and shouting, "Granny, don't! Ye'll go to de bottom! Jine de pledge! Granny!"

He shouted so loud and tugged so hard, that he woke himself up. There was Granny's big form before him, and he was furiously gripping it.

"Chile!" she shouted, also coming out of the depths of an after supper nap, "what yer hollerin' fur an' a-grip pin' me?"

"You out de bottle, Granny!"

"Out de bottle, honey? I nebber ben in a bottle. Yer thinkin' bout dat bug ob dat ole Caesar, misable boin, frightenin' de childe?"

"I—I—saw yo in a bottle, an' I don't b'lieve yer could git out, Granny. Ye were boun' fur de bottom."

Granny had a superstitious regard for dreams. She now gave the matter a serious significance.

"Yer did, Pompey? Don't yer tell a lie?"

"'Twas you, Granny!"

"Yer own ole Granny?"

"Sure!"

"Ugh!" groaned Granny.

"Will ye jine de pledge, Granny, wid me? Sez yer would ef I saw yer at de bottom ob a bottle, and yer was boun' fer it."

Granny thought it over. Then she rose, gave Pompey's hand a powerful grip, and together they went out into the night. There was a beautiful moon looking out of a window in the soft, white clouds, and by its light they quickly journeyed to Caesar's cabin.

"Come in, come in! Right smart glad ter see ye!" was the old man's welcome.

"Want fur to jine de pledge?" explained Pompey. "Me an' Granny."

On Caesar's pine table, lighted by the one tallow candle that his cabin afforded, was a much thumbed pledge, and beside it was the bottle and bug.

"Look at dat bug, an' sign," exhorted Caesar.

Granny recalled Pompey's dream, shuddered and signed. She was not a "powerful" pen-woman, and when she had finished, she said her name looked "nuffin" like a turkey buzzard tryin' to git ober a rail fence."

"It's Granny," said Pompey, encouragingly. "She's gwine fur to stick, an' hero's me."

"Pompey Jones" was the signature, in good, strong, clear print.

"Granny!" he whispered, pointing at the creature in the bottle, "dat a humbug?"

She shook her head. "Lot ob proof in dat!"

The two callers went away, but Caesar quickly summoned them back.

"Jes' a word," he said. "Don't forget to say a prayer on top ob dat pledge. Dat what gibs de sure victory."

And truth, a blessed truth, was in his thought also.—*S. S. Times*.

Conductor (on Georgia railroad)—Do you mean to tell me, madam, that this child is not 12 years old?

Madam (sharply)—Well, she wasn't when this train started, but, land alive! there's no tellin' how old she may be now.